Aye, men will rail that I forget my years,
To dance and wreathe with ivy these white hairs;
What recks it f Seeing the God no line hath told
To mark what man shall dance, or young or old;
But craves his honours from mortality
All, no man marked apart; and great shall be !

CADMUS *(after looking away toward the Mountain)**

Teiresias, since this light thou canst not read,
I must be seer for thee. Here comes in speed
Pentheus, Echlon's son, whom I have raised
To rule my people in rny stead,—Amazed
He seems. Stand close, and mark what we shall hear,

[The two stand back^ partially concealed^ while there enters in hot haste PENTHEUS, jfo//0wW *by a bodyguard. He is speaking to the* SOLDIER *in command**

PENTHEUS.

Scarce had I crossed our borders, when mine ear
Was caught by this strange rumour, that our own
Wives, our own sisters, from their hearths are flown
To wild and secret rites; and cluster there
High on the shadowy hills, with dance and prayer
To adore this new-made God, this Diony.se,
Whatever he be !—And in their companies
Deep wine-jars stand, and ever and anon
Away into the loneliness now one
Steals forth, and now a second, maid or dame,
Where love lies waiting, not of God 1 The flame,
They my, of Bacchios wraps them.
Bacchio&l Nay,
§Tis more to Aphrodite that they pray.